

THE FIRST PART OF 2
H E N R Y IV.

By SH A K E S P E A R E,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOK,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES

CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.



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EVER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Drury-Lane.**Covent-Garden.*

King HENRY,	Mr. Bensley.	Mr. Clarke.
Prince of WALES,	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Lewis.
LANCASTER,	Mr. Lamash.	Mr. Harris.
WORCESTER,	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Fearon.
NORTHUMBERLAND	Mr. Packer.	
HOTSPUR,	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Wroughton.
DOUGLAS,	Mr. Chaplin.	Mr. Dubellamy.
Sir R. VERNON,	Mr. Farren.	Mr. Hull.
WESTMORLAND,	Mr. Ackman.	Mr. Thompson.
Sir WALTER BLUNT	Mr. Farwett.	Mr. Booth.
Sir J. FALSTAFF,	Mr. Henderson.	Mr. Sbuter.
POINS,	Mr. P. Palmer.	Mr. Lee Lewes.
GADS-HILL,	Mr. Wrighten.	Mr. Ledger.
PETO,	Mr. Watkins.	Mr. Besford.
BARDOLPH,	Mr. Wright.	Mr. Davis.
1st CARRIER,	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Dunstall.
2d CARRIER,	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
FRANCIS,	Mr. Waldron.	Mr. Cushing.
Lady PERCY,	Mrs. Cuyler.	Mrs. Hartley.
HOSTESS,	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Pitt.

Sheriff, Vintner, Drawers, Travellers and Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

THE FIRST PART OF H E N R Y IV.

INTRODUCTION.

HENRY the Fourth's reign, which began with usurpation, continued to the end, in tumult and danger; thereby affording our author many striking dramatic characters and incidents, both in the first and second part: but, against our modern critical relish, he has mingled mirth with sadness. However, Falstaff's luxuriance, and the Prince of Wales's pleasantry, are excellent: all the tragic parts, particularly Hotspur's, are very well written; it is more regular than most of Shakespeare's pieces, but does not please the ladies, from an insufficiency, we presume, of female character. The language is uncommonly nervous and uniform, and must highly delight and animate every feeling reader.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Court in London.

Enter King HENRY,* Lord JOHN of LANCASTER,
Earl of WESTMORLAND, and others.

King HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant:
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his matter. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmorland,
What yester-night our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear experience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down,
But yester-night; when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, laden with heavy news,

* The actor who exhibits this monarch, should possess importance of figure, and be a sound declaimer.

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Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against th'irregular and wild Glendower,
Was, by the rude hands of that Welshman, taken;
And a thousand of his people butchered.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this
Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [broil,

West. This, matcht with other like, my gracious
For more uneven and unwelcome news [lord!

Came from the north, and thus it did import:

On Holy-rod day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

That ever valiant and approved Scot,

At Holmedon spent a sad and bloody hour;

As, by discharge of their artillery,

And shape of likelihood, the news was told:

For he that brought it, in the very heat

And pride of their contention, did take horse,

Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,

Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horse,

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news:

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:

Ten thousand bold Scots, three-and-twenty knights,

* Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir *Walter* see,

On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, *Hot-spur* took

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son

To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,

Of Murray, Angus, and Monteith.

And is this not an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy, that my lord *Northumberland*

Should be the father of so blest a son;

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young *Harry*. O, that it could be prov'd

That some night tripping fairy had exchang'd,

In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,

* We should prefer bath'd to balk'd.

And

ACT I. KING HENRY IV.

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And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*!

* Then I would have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride? The prisoners, [cousin,
Which he in his adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but *Mordake Earl of Fife*.

West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at *Windsor*; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered. [Exeunt.

SCENE, an Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter HENRY Prince of WALES, and Sir J. FALSTAFF.†

Fal. Now, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking
old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou
hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou
would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do
with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of
sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of
bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses; I see

* This is a very natural turn of a parent, who feels the dissipa-
tions of a son, disgraced and rendered more glaringly depraved,
by comparison with the preterable conduct of an inferior.

† The Prince of Wales, without losing suitable dignity,
should manifest uncommon ease of deportment, and spirited
pleasantry of expression: though he descends to actions incon-
sistent with honesty, and conversation far beneath his rank, yet
there should be no taint of vulgarity of figure, or mode of ut-
terance. As to Falstaff, he describes himself so admirably, we
need only say, that any figure particularly corpulent, with
jovial features, spirited eyes, a full mellow voice, with
judgment to conceive and mark the humour of this matchless
character, must be in esteem with an audience.

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no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal.* For we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, that wand'ring knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art King—as save thy grace (Majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none.)—

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly—

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold, most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, *Lay by*, and spent with crying, *Bring in more sack*; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true lad! and is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

* The Prince here alludes to the chance Falstaff runs, by dissipation, of getting into the hands of sheriff's officers, who then wore buff-jerkins.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all, there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England, when thou art King; and resolution thus fobb'd, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father Antic, the law? Dost thou, when thou art King, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well! and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?—

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gibb'd cat,* or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest—sweet young Prince!—But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the council rated me, the other day, in the street, about you, Sir; but I

* A gib cat, is an old one.

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mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out, and no man regards it.

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*; Heaven forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse, to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, where thou wilt.—I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

P. Henry. Good-morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizors for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gads-hill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap. We may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. Will you, chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief! not I, by my faith,

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellow-

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fellowship in thee; nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not bid stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting; that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation-sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance! Farewel! you shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all hallowen summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, *Gadsbill*, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay; but 'tis like they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizors we will change, after we leave them; and, Sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry.

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P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured: and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap; there I'll sup. Farewel!

Poins. Farewel, my Lord! [*Exit Poins.*]

* *P. Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The un-yok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off:

* This soliloquy contains admirable reflections; shewing that a good heart, though it occasionally gives way to irregular passion, yet recurs at intervals to the proper paths of action:

A smooth sensible-flow of emphatic oratory is wanted, wherein the thoughts are pregnant with fancy, and the reasoning strictly just; the following lines we think should be retained on the stage:

— More wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleases like rare accidents.
So, when, &c.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WOR-
CESTER, HOTSPUR, * Sir WALTER BLUNT, and
others.

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and tem-
Unapt to stir at these indignities; [perate,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign Liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it:
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good Lord—

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone! for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, Sir! your presence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier † of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Ex. Wor.*
You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*

North. Yes, my good Lord.
Those prisoners, in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

* The very title of Hotspur manifests uncommon impetuosity; his person should mark the soldier; his voice be able to reach any pitch, and so flexible as to answer the most rapid and disjointed transitions from one degree of passion to another: his address to the King is a noble free exculpation, worthy the mouth of a capital actor, and the attention of a judicious audience. It contains also a most satirical and entertaining picture of the foppish messenger, who demanded his prisoners.

† Frontier—perhaps our author meant frontlet, a frown; which word he uses in King Lear: but the image is stronger as it stands at present.

Were,

Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble-land, at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever-and-anon,
He gave his nose; and took't away again.
And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms,
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I, then all-smarting with my wounds, being cold,
(To be so pester'd with a popinjay†)
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so bright, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (heaven save the
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth, [mark!]
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.—
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said:
And, I beseech you, let not this report

† Popinjay, is a kind of parrot, and, being a chattering
bird of variegated plumes, is here well applied to a beau.

Come

Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. This circumstance consider'd, good my Liege,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die; and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom trait
His brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason; and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren mountains let him starve:
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*!

He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
But bides the chance of war. To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood: [drink,
Who, then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*

B

Receive

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Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him ; *Percy*, thou beliefst
He never did encounter with *Glendower* ; [him!
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, from this hour,
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer* :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me,
As will displease you.—My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. Henry.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay and pause a
Here comes your uncle. [while :

Enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer* !

Yes, I will speak of him : and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him !
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop in dust,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad. [*To Worcester.*

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
And when I urg'd the ransom, once again,
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
'Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard*, that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation.

Hot. But soft, I pray you !—Did king *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother, *Mortimer*,
Heir to the crown ?

North.

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd,
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman, rather?
(O, pardon me! that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king)
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Engag'd them both in an unjust behalf?
(As both of you, Heaven pardon it! have done.)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, *Bolingbroke*?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves,
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I say——

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more!
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents,
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south;
And let them grapple.—O! the blood more stirs

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To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

* *Hot.* By heav'n! methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all,
By heav'n, he shall not have a Scot of them!
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not!
I'll keep them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes;
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will; that's flat.
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer*;
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him, when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*!
Nay, I'll have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion. †

[fool

North. Why, what a wasp'd-tongu'd and impatient
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no one tongue but thine own!

* We conceive this speech to contain an excess of idea, even
from the excess of passion arising from wounded pride.

† This is an extravagant and unparalleled mode of resentment,
and seems to favour more of womanish spite, than soldier-like
satisfaction; very natural, however, to such an impetuous temper,
so thoroughly roused, and as justly reprov'd by Northumberland.

Why, what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, &c.

Hot.

Hot. Why, look you! I am whipt and scourg'd with
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear [rods,
Of this vile politician, *Bolingbroke*.

In *Richard's* time—what do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Glo'stershire—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept—

His uncle *York*—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this *Bolingbroke*;

When you and he came from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a deal of candy'd courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, when his *infant fortune came to age*,——

And, *gentle Harry Percy*—and *kind Cousin*——

The devil take such cozeners!—Heaven forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

[*To Hotspur.*

Deliver them without their ransom strait,
And make the *Douglas'* son your only mean
For pow'rs in *Scotland*; which, for divers reasons,
Will easily be granted.—You, my Lord, [*To North.*
Your son, in *Scotland*, being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well-belov'd,
Th' Arch-bishop.

Hot. *York*, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,

As what I think might be; but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; on my life it will do well.

Wor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*,

18 THE FIRST PART OF *As H.*

To join with *Mortimer*. Ha! —

Wor. So they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a head:

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The King will always think him in our debt,

And think, we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home:

And see, already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell! No further go in this,
Then I, by letters, shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

I'll steal to *Glendower*, and *Lord Mortimer*,

Where you and *Douglas*, and our pow'rs at once,

(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Hot. Uncle, adieu! O, let the hours be short,

Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *An Inn at Rochester.*

Enter a Carrier, with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 *Car.** HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day,
I'll be hanged. Charles' wain is over the new chimney,
and yet our horse not packt. What, ostler?

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cutt's saddle; put a
few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the
withers, out of all cels.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and

* If any solid apology can be offered for the unnatural Tragicomic mode of writing, the richness of humour in many scenes of this play, must stand for justification; this of the Carriers is certainly very low; however, it denotes our author's thorough knowledge of life and human nature.

that

ACT II. KING HENRY IV. 19

that is the next way to give poor jades the botts.*
This house is turn'd upside-down, since Robin the
ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats
rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house
in all London road for fleas: I am stung likē a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench! by th' mafs, there's ne'er a
King in Christendom could be better bit than I have
been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and
then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-
ley breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd,
come away!

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of
ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my panniers are
quite starved. What, ostler! a plague on thee! hast
thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an't
were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of
thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADS-HILL.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to see my
gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth
two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? lend me thy lanthorn,
quoath a! marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to
come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle,
I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call
up the gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

* Botts are a kind of worms, troublesome to horses.

SCENE

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SCENE *changes to the Highway.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, POINS, and PETO.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter! I have removed *Falstaff's* horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. *Poins, Poins,* and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, *Poins!* *Hal!*—

P. Henry. He is walk't up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death, for all this, if I escape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a plague upon you both! *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a foot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! give me my horse, you rogues! give me my horse, and be hang'd! *

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so

* This speech of Falstaff's is extremely characteristic, and must always create laughter.

far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer! What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse! good King's son!

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! if I be ta'en. I'll peach for this. And I have not ballads made of you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison! when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, PETO, and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Stand!—

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter! I know his voice. *Bardolph*, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye! on with your vizors! there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue! 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all—

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there shalt thou find him. Farewell, and stand fast!

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by. Stand close!

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter

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Enter TRAVELLERS.

Traw. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!—

Fal. Down with them! cut the villains' throats! down with them! fleece them! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men; now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter THIEVES again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and *Poins* be not two errant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Henry. Got with much ease; now merrily to horse, The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good *Ned*.—*Falstaff* sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Lord PERCY's House.

Enter HOTSPUR solus, reading a letter.

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. He could be contented to be there! why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house! he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my Lord Fool,

Fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck the flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unforted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Douglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! ha! you shall see now, in my very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk, with so honourable an action! Hang him, let him tell the king! we are prepared; I will set forward, to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good Lord! why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth, And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?
* O! what portents are these?

Some

* The following lines well merit preservation, and we believe are only rejected by the stage, because Lady Percy is seldom personated by a principal actress: they present a fine picture of Hotspur.

——Thou

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Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it; else he loves not.

Hot. What, ho! Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Servant within.

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hour ago. [*sheriff?*]

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the

Serv. One horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him strait. O Esperance!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord!

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why my horse, my love; my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! a weazel hath not
Such a deal of spleen, as you are toft with.

In faith, I'll know your business, that I will!

I fear my brother *Mortimer* doth stir,

About his title, and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize: but if you go—

Hot.—So far a foot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

—Thou sitt'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And giv'n my treasures and my rights of thee,

To thick eyed musing and curs'd melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry—Courage—to the field—and thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retreats; of trenches, tents,

Of pallisadoes, frontiers, parapets;

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin:

Of prisoners' ransom; and of soldiers slain,

And all the current of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been, so at war,

And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream;

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath,

On some great sudden haste—Oh! what portents, &c.

Directly

Directly to this question, I shall ask.

I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifier!—love! I love thee
I care not for thee, *Kate*! this is no world, [not;
To play with mammetts,* and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current, too—odds me, my horse!
What say'st thou, *Kate*? what would'st thou have with

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed? [me?
Well, do not then: for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if thou speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I'm o'horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go; nor reason, whereabout:
Whither I must, I must: and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than *Harry Percy's* wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
'Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.†

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too.
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Boar's-Head Tavern, in East-
Cheap.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat-room,
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

* Mammetts—puppets.

† The propriety of a husband, in Hotspur's situation, not trusting
a matter of such vast importance with his wife, which her love
might make her injure or destroy, is very obvious, and no breach
of relative duty.

C

Poins.

Poins. Where hast thou been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogheads. I have founded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language: but, sweet *Ned*—(to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-sinker, one that never spake other English in his life, than *Eight shillings and sixpence*, and *You are welcome, Sir*; with this shrill addition, *anon, anon, Sir*; *Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so.) But, *Ned*, to drive away the time, till *Falstaff* comes, I pr'ythee do thou stand in some bye-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

[*Poins retires.*]

Poins. Francis,—

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis,—

**Enter FRANCIS the Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir. Look down into the Pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis,—

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

* This character of Francis, it is true, has no connection with the fable; but probably was introduced to exemplify what the Prince of Wales had asserted just before, namely, that he had founded the very base string of humility.

Fran.

Fran. O Lord, Sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart—

Poins. Francis,—

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next, I shall be—

Poins. Francis,—

Fran. Anon, Sir. Pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, *Francis*; for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord! I would it had been two!

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis,—

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*! no, *Francis*, but to-morrow, *Francis*; or, *Francis*, on Thursday; or, indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*,—

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth tongue, Spanish-pouch?

Fran. O Lord, Sir! who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis,—

P. Henry. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. My Lord, old Sir *John*, with half a dozen more, are at the door. Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone, awhile, and then open the door. *Poins,—*

Enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff*, and the rest of the thieves, are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shewed themselves humours, since the old days of good-man Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's** mind, the *Hotspur* of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots, at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, Fye upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet *Harry*! says she, how many hast thou kill'd, to day? Give my roan-horn a drench, says he, and answers, some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle! a trifle! I pr'ythee call in *Falstaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer*, his wife. *Ribi*,† says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADS-HILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*! where hast thou been?‡

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue! Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the

* The Prince apologizes prettily here for his own levity, by giving a pleasant and whimsical, but just picture, of his romantic rival.

† *Ribi*, drink.

‡ This scene, in the original, is too long; therefore is curtailed of a mock trial the author introduced; which rather checked and loaded the main business, notwithstanding a vein of pure comedy runs through it.

sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a rotten-herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old. Heaven help the while, a bad world! I say: a plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, *Woolfack*! what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You prince of *Wales*?

* *P. Henry.* Why, you whorson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat-paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I have drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, *Jack*, where is it?

* The confident boastful importance of Sir John, is an admirable prologue to the laughable dilemma he is presently after brought into.

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Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Pet. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murdered some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse; thou know'st my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.*

P. Henry. What, four? Thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

* The succession of Falstaff's lies, the circumstantial confusion of his story, the braggadocio picture held forth, and the Prince's palpable detection of him, are extremely pleasant.

Fal.

As II. KING HENRY IV. 31

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me : I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven ! why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Points. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone ; we shall have more, anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal* ?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more, already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Points. Down fell his hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground ; but I follow'd them close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in Kendal Green, came at my back, and let drive at me ; (for it was so dark *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad ? Art thou mad ? Is not the truth, the truth ?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal Green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand ? Come, tell us your reason : what say'st thou to this ?

Points. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No. Were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! If reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. I !

P. Henry,

32 THE FIRST PART OF *AS II.*

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter what is like thee! you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing rack—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack.*

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark* now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, cut-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say 'twas in fight!—What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha! d'ye think I did not know you? By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my masters, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true Prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.† But, my lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants,

* During this speech of Henry's, Falstaff requires very forcible strength of look, to confess the detection which he endeavours to conceal.

† The turn Sir John gives to so disgraceful a discovery, is pregnant with sterling humour.

lads,

Act II. KING HENRY IV. 33

lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O my Lord, my Lord the prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the hostess; what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a nobleman of the court at the door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*]

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, you fought fair; so did you, *Peto*: so did you, *Bardolph*: you are lions too; you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince; no, fy!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaff's* sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before—I blush'd, to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard.

34 THE FIRST PART OF *AS II.*

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast!* how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must go to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*—and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, what a plague call you him—

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen*; the same; and his son-in-law, *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good metal in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow!—But afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.†

* Bombast is well applied to Falstaff; he being, like inflated language, of great sound and few, with little meaning.

† The Prince's occasional allusions to Falstaff's cowardice, are vastly pleasant and pertinent.

Fal.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stol'n away by night. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads, as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading, that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afraid? Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend *Douglas*, that sprite *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? Art not thou horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it.

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid, to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father. If thou do love me, practise an answer.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially mad without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff. [*Exit Hostess.*]
Go hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt Fal. Bard. &c.*]

Enter

Enter SHERIFF and CARRIER.

P. Henry. Now, master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord! a hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men into this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious
A grofs fat man. [Lord;

Ca. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal;
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so. If he have robb'd these
He shall be answerable: and so farewell. [men,

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[Exit.

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
Go, call him forth.

Poins. *Falstaff!*—Fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search
his pockets.

[*Poins searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*
What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they?

[*Takes a paper and reads.*

Item. A capon, 2s 6d.*

Item. Sauce, 4d.

Item. Sack, two gallons, 5s 8d.

Item. Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s 6d.

* Though the picking Falstaff's pocket may transiently appear
a trifling circumstance, it happily lays the foundation of future
humour; and reading the bill heightens his character.

Item.

Item. Bread, a halfpenny.

O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! what there is else keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the war, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning: and so, good-morrow, *Poins.*

Poins. Good-morrow, my Lord. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE *changes to the Presence Chamber in Windsor.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.*

K. Henry. † LORDS, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be near,
For we shall presently have need of you—[*Exit Lords.*
I know not whether heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood,
He breeds revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires;
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts;
Such barren pleasures, rude society,

* The King, in this scene, should maintain an earnest dignity of expression, and an authoritative concern of countenance. The monarch and father should be well united.

† As the author wrote the part of the King, in this conference with his son, it bore too hard on the powers of the actor, and patience of the audience; as they are at present reduced, they work a good effect, both in utterance and perusal; the dignity of character, paternal tenderness, and filial duty, are all extremely well supported.

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As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I wish I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
I may for some things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon on my true submission.*

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing [Harry,
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me, in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, This is he.
Others would say, Where? Which is *Bolingbroke*?
But now there's not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
Be more myself. [Lord,

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest in the state,

* From prince Henry we expect a modest sensibility of look,
and suitable feeling of expression.

Than

Than thou, the shadow of succession!
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads antient lords and rev'rend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned *Douglas*!
 Thrice hath this *Hotspur*, Mars, in swathing-clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Douglas*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarg'd him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 Th' archbishop's grace of *York*, *Douglas*, and *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against us and are up, [ner,
 But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy,
 For thou art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under *Percy's* pay;
 To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so! you shall not find it so!
 And heav'n forgive them that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head:
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours with a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scow'r my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant *Hotspur*, this all praised knight,
 And your unthought of *Harry*, chance to meet:
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange

40 THE FIRST PART OF *AR III.*

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
 T' engrofs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to fo strict account,
 That he fhall render every glory up,
 Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
 This, in the name of heav'n, I promife here;
 The which, if I perform, and do furvive,
 I do befcech your Majefty may fave
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperature;
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
 And I will die an hundred thoufand deaths,
 Ere break the fmalleft parcel of this vow.*

K. Henry. A hundred thoufand rebels die in this!
 Thou fhalt have charge, and fovereign truft herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of fpeed.

Blunt. So is the bufinefs that I come to fpeak of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath fent word,
 That *Douglas* and the Englifh rebels met;
 Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury*:
 A mighty and a pow'rful head they are,
 If promifes be kept on every hand,
 As ever offered foul play in a ftate.

K. Henry. The earl of *Westmorland* fet forth to-day,
 With him my fon, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*;
 For this advertisement is five days old.
 On *Wednesday* next *Harry*, thou fhalt fet forward;
 On *Thursday* we ourfelves will march. Our meeting
 Is at *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you fhall march
 Thro' *Glo'fterfhire*: by which, fome twelve days hence,
 Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* fhall meet.
 Our hands are full of bufinefs: let's away,
 Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Boar's Head Tavern in
 Eaft-Cheap.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal, Bardolph, am not I fall'n away vilely fince this

* Never was a better reply offered; here the prince, roused from the confufion of fhame, fpeaks with becoming fpirit, which pleafingly and properly furprifes both his father and the audience.

laft

last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. There it is. Come sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dined not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money, that I borrowed—three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral; he beareth the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire; when thou rann'st up Gads-Hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis Fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me many a thousand marks, in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern to tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire,

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any time this two-and-thirty years, heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen, have you enquired yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquired, so has my Husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tythe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostess; I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked; go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee. I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John*; you do not know me, Sir *John*. I know you Sir *John*; you owe me money, Sir *John*; and now you pick a quarrel, to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas! I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here, besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

* *Fal.* He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take mine ease at mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty marks.

Host. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

* This quarrel between Falstaff and his Hostess is laughably carried on; his invincible spirit of boasting and lying, brings him into a whimsical dilemma, with the Prince, who plays upon him in this scene, with peculiar pleasantry.

Fal.

Act III. KING HENRY IV. 43

Fal. How? the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. [A march.

Enter Prince HENRY marching, and PETO: FAL-

STAFF meets them.

Fal. How now, lad, is the wind in that door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea; two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou Mistress Quickly? how does your husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt. This house is turned bawdy-house: they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What did'st thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me Hal? three or four bonds of forty pounds apiece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny mattter!

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul mouth'd man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood, in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, than in a stewed prune; no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be a deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go!

Host. Say, what thing! what thing!

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank heaven on.

Host. I am nothing to thank heaven on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife? and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host.

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Hof. A beast!—say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir *John*, why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my Lord, and said, this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound?

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound *Hal!* a million; thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hof. Nay my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare; but 'as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of a lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! why, thou whorson, impudent, imboss'd* rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villainy? thou seest,

* Imboss'd—means puffed up.

I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pickt my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd still. Nay I prythee begone.

[*Exit Hostess.*]

Now, *Hail*, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, — how is that answered?

P. Henry. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one, that can steel well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am heinously unprovided. Well, heaven be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph* —

Bard. My Lord?

P. Henry. Go, bear this letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, to my brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland*. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow, in the Temple-hall, at two o'clock in the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hostess, my breakfast come:

Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*]

* Both the tragic and comic scenes, which compose this act, have, in their different styles, very great merit.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to Shrewsbury.**Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. WELL said, my noble *Scot*! if speaking truth
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the *Douglas* have,
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.
 By heaven, I cannot flatter: I defy
 The tongues of soothers. But a braver place
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour;
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well—— What letters hast thou
 there? ——

Mes. These come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leisure to be sick,*
 In such a juggling time! Who leads his power?
 Under whose government come they along?

Mes. His letters bear his mind, not I, my Lord.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mes. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth:
 And at the time of my departure thence,
 He was much fear'd by his physicians. [Exit.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
 Ere he by sickness had been visited;
 His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! Droop now! This sickness doth
 The very life-blood of our enterprize; [infect
 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
 He writes me here, that inward sickness——
 And that his friends, by deputation,

* How has he the leisure to be sick — This is a fine effusion
 of enthusiasm, which thinks no apology sufficient for any impe-
 diment to the progress of its favourite ideas.

Could

Could not so soon be drawn.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us :
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. I well could wish your father had been here :
The quality and hair of our attempt,
Brooks no division : it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
We shall o'turn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dou. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome, by my soul !

Ver. Pray heaven my news be worth a welcome Lord.
The earl of *Westmorland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherward, with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harm ; what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son ?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daunt the world aside
And bid it pass ?

Ver.

48 THE FIRST PART OF *AS IV.*

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,*
 All plum'd like ostriches, that with the wind
 Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd:
 Glittering in golden coats like images,
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls,
 I saw young *Harry* with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun is
 This praise doth nourish agues; let them come. [*March,*
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire ey'd maid of smokey war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed Mars shall on his altars sit
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours. Come let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall (and horse to horse)
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
 Oh, that *Glendower* were come!

Ver. There is more news:
 I learn'd in Worcester as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Don. That's the worst tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and *Glendower* being both away,
 The power of us may serve so great a day.

* Vernon's description of the Prince of Wales and his warlike associates, is replete with beautiful poetical imagery, pleasingly and happily adapted. Hotspur's reply nervously expresses the gallant chief panting for fame, and particularly eager to meet his most important competitors for glory.

Come,